

T H E

Granadiers Loyal Health.

A S O N G:

The First Line of these Notes to be Sung Twice over.



Old *England's* Glory now begins,
Under the best of Gracious Kings;
Ill Fates which many years have frown'd,
With smiling Conquest now hath Crown'd;
And put an end to all Dispute,
Against our Gracious King and Duke.

II.

The Royal Line for to enlarge,
For *Rupert* we have got Prince *George*;
Of Conduct and of Courage known,
To his Immortal praise alone;
We'll drink the Health e're we go hence,
Both to the King, the Duke, and Prince.

III.

We'll Front the Guards with Fire and Sword,
For to defend our Sovereign Lord;
Let flat-fac'd *Oats* like *Sodom* burn,
Mahomets Saint, and Christians scorn:
While Rebels here in Mourning lurk,
Because the *Christians* Bang'd the *Turk*,

IV.

Make ready *Links*, take your right Foot
Out of the Stirrup, then fall too't:
Recover your Muskets, Charge the Front
To'th Right and Left, there's Lives lies on't:
Blow your Matches, fire your Fuse,
We'll make the Rebels flye like *Jews*.

V.

Hand your *Granadoes*, let 'um flye,
Like Thunder flashes from the Sky;
Like Fire-drakes or some Blazing-Star,
Which are true Signets of sweet War:
We with our Hobboys, Gun, and Drum,
Shall make *Mars* Harmony where we come.

VI.

Toth' God of Wine let's now descend,
Old *Bacchus* that true Souldies Friend;
Where *Mars* oft fails, he still Inspires,
Both Heart and Brain with War-like Fires:
Come brush about that smiling Bowl,
To *Albermarle* and his great Soul.

VII.

Come Bowl about Boys, while we stay,
Two in a Hand to Loyal *Gay*;
And Daring *Parker* true and stout,
And *Hestings* must not be left out:
Heroick Boys, when *Whiggs* did Sway,
They fear'd not *Monmouth*, *Tom*, and *Gray*.

VIII.

Howard and *Sackfield* for the Crown,
They'll make our English *Turks* come down,
And send 'em unto *Terklets* Gang,
There let 'em either Starve or Hang:
A score of Bumpers round the Board,
To Christians and Victorious Sword.

IX:

Hark! Hark! I hear the Drum
Bear Rad-dan, their Majesties come;
Wind up your *Bottoms*, clear the *Bar*,
See what's the Reckoning in the *Star*:
Whilst *Whiggs* Designs are all debar'd,
Come Fellow-Souldiers to the GUARD.

F I N I S.

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